Death is now the *Phœnix* neſt,
And the Turtles loyall breaſt,
To eternity doth reſt.
Leaving no poſterity
Twas not their infirmity,
It was married Chaſtity.
Truth may ſeeme but cannot be,
Beauty bragge, but tis not ſhee,
Truth and Beautie buried be.
To this Vrne let thoſe repaire,
That are either true or faire,
For theſe dead birds ſigh a prayer.

WHy ſhould this Deſart be,
for it is unpeopled? No:
Tongues Ile hang on every tree,
That ſhall civill ſayings ſhoe.
Some how briefe the life of Man
runnes his erring Pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a Span.
buckles in his ſome of age.
Some of violated vowes,
twixt the ſoules of friend and friend,
But upon the faireſt bowes,
or at every ſentence end;
Will I *Roſalinda* write,
Teaching all that read to know,
The quintiſſence of every ſprite,
heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore Heaven Nature chang'd,

that one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide inlarg'd,
nature preſently diſtill'd.
Hellens cheecke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Majeſtie:
Atlanta's better part,
ſad *Lucrecia's* modeſtie.
Thus *Roſalinde* of many parts
by heavenly Synods was deviſ'd
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
to have the touches deereſt priz'd
Heaven would theſe gifts ſhe ſhould have,
and I to live and die her ſlave.

An Epitaph on the admirable D
Poet, William Sheakeſpe

WHat neede my *Shakeſpeare* for his honou
The labour of an age, in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd Relikes ſhould be hid,
Vnder a ſtarre-ypointing Pyramid?
Deare Sonne of Memory, great heire of Fa
What needs thou ſuch weake witneſſe of thy
Thou in our wonder and aſtoneſhment,
Haſt built thy ſelfe a live-long Monument:
For whilſt to th'ſhame of ſlow endevouring
Thy eaſie numbers flow, and that each he
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book
Thoſe Delphicke lines with deepe Impre

POEMS William Shakespeare LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo